

every work "which, it was wished that I should give permission that it should be dedicated to me, before I should grant the required permission. This last alternative was impracticable; and I have found myself under the painful necessity in many instances, as in this, of declining to give such formal permission.

If, however, you should think proper to dedicate your poem to me without such formal permission, you are at full liberty to take that course;\* assuring you at the same time that I feel greatly flattered by the expression of your desire that I should permit it,

I have the honour to be, Sir

Your most obedient humble servant,  
WELLINGTON.

The *Epick* off his mind, Disraeli plunged with renewed zest into the dissipations of society.

May, 1834.

On Monday I dined with Lady Blessington—the Prince of Moskova, Charles Lafitte, Lords Castlereagh, Elphinstone, and Allen, Mr. Talbot, myself; and Lord Wilton was the absent guest, having to dine with the King, but he came in the evening. He is very handsome. Hope's ball on Monday was the finest thing this year — supped off gold and danced in the sculpture gallery. To-day is the Drawing-room; but nobody thinks of anything but politics. I dine with O'Connell on Saturday.<sup>2</sup>

Disraeli, as has been seen, had met Count D'Orsay, 'the famous Parisian dandy,' at a reception at Bulwer's a couple of years before, but this is the first time -we hear of an acquaintance with Lady Blessington. Still in the fullness of her mature beauty, she had now been a widow for several years, and her house in Seamore Place, though shunned by the great ladies of society, had become a meeting ground for most of the social, literary, and political celebrities of the day. D'Orsay, the husband of her stepdaughter, had succeeded after an interval to the empire of Brummell and was now at the height of his fame as leader of the dandies, arbiter of fashion, and gambler and spendthrift. With both him and Lady Blessington Disraeli soon formed an intimate and enduring friendship.

<sup>1</sup> The poem appeared without a dedication. <sup>2</sup> *Letters*, p. 85.